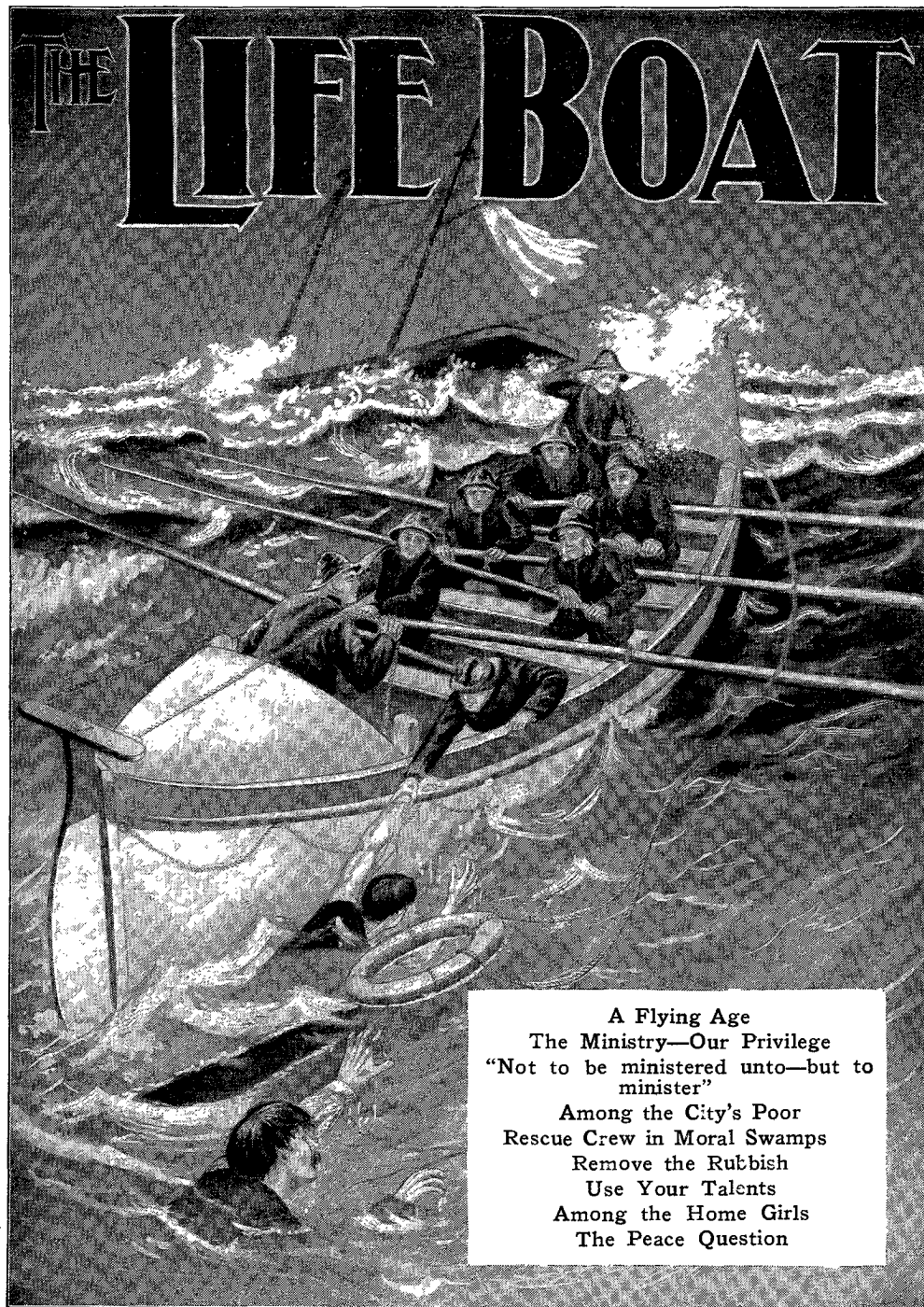


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Volume Twenty-two
Number Eight

Windsdale, Ill.

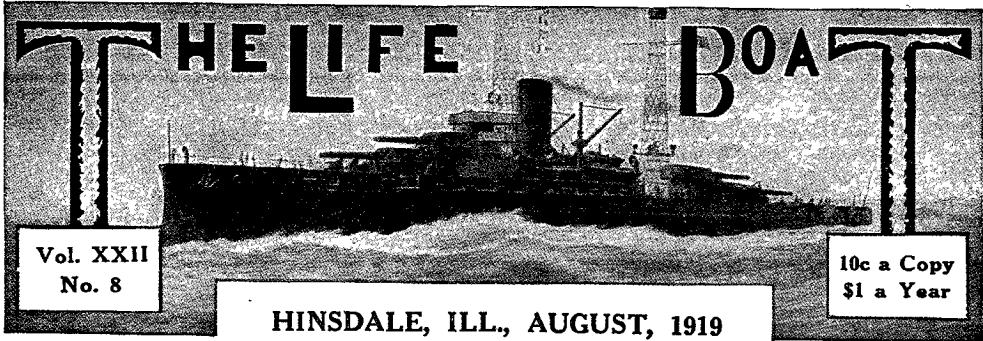
August, 1919

The Cigarette and Heredity—D. H. Kress, M. D.

Alone With God

It is only in the cool of the day that I can hear thy footsteps, O my God. Thou art ever walking in the garden. Thy presence is abroad everywhere and always; but it is not everywhere or always that I can hear thee passing by. The burden and heat of the day are too strong for me. The struggles of life excite me, the ambitions of life perturb me, the glitter of life dazzles me; it is all thunder and earthquake and fire. But when I myself am still, I catch thy still small voice, and then I know that thou art God. Thy peace can only speak to my peacefulness, thy rest can only be audible to my calm; the harmony of thy tread cannot be heard by the discord of my soul. Therefore, betimes I would be alone with thee, away from the heat and the battle. I would feel the cool breath of thy Spirit, that I may be refreshed once more for the strife. I would be fanned by the breezes of heaven, that I may resume the dusty road and the dolorous way. Not to avoid them do I come to thee, but that I may be able more perfectly to bear them. Let me hear thy voice in the garden in the cool of the day.

—George Matheson



The Cigarette and Heredity

D. H. Kress, M. D.

WHAT sort of an ancestor am I going to make? is a question every young man and every young woman should occasionally ask himself or herself. "No one liveth unto himself." What we do today and tomorrow and keep on doing throughout the year helps to make or unmake true manhood and womanhood.

No child, had it a say in the matter, with the knowledge men possess, would by choice be the offspring of a man who is addicted to drink. Neither would it select a drug fiend, or a cigarette fiend, as a sire.

Each succeeding generation suffers the accumulated results of the wrong habits of those that have gone before, for the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children unto the *third and fourth* generation. Ex. 20:5. By the time the fourth generation is reached, the degeneracy becomes so marked that propagation ceases and the family tree dies. Again and again this has been demonstrated in the history of families. Follow the drunkard whose son and son's son was also a drunkard for four generations and you will find the family has about disappeared. The same may be said of the opium fiend or of the cigarette or tobacco fiend. If men alone were the sufferers from their wrong and vicious habits, it would be serious enough, but that the accumulated results are passed on from father to son, generation after generation, makes it a problem that should certainly receive careful and solemn thought. "What sort of an ancestor am I going to make?" is therefore a question each one should ask of himself repeatedly.

Men cannot afford to lead grasshopper lives. The grasshopper jumps at a venture. It does not know where it will land and feels no concern as to the outcome of the leap it makes. It may land in the smoldering forest fire or in the swift running stream. It is well for man to look before taking a leap, and to make sure where it will land him and his posterity. The cigarette smoking boy is sure to land somewhere. Of one thing he can be assured, he will never land in the United States presidential chair. No cigarette fiend has ever landed there, and no cigarette fiend will ever land there. It is perfectly safe, therefore, for the young man to make the leap and smoke cigarettes if his purpose is to avoid the presidential chair.

It will never land him even in the presidential chair of the Ford automobile factory or the Cadillac automobile manufactory. In neither of these shops can a cigarette smoker obtain a position in any capacity. Not because there exists a prejudice against the cigarette, but because efficiency and the cigarette do not combine and they want only employees who are efficient and dependable.

The cigarette smoking boy, nine times out of ten, will land in the pool room, the saloon, the reform school or the penitentiary. Only two out of every 100 boys who find their way to the reform schools of America are not smokers; 98 of them are smokers. This picture is not at all overdrawn. It presents facts as they are.

The cigarette injures its user morally as well as physically. Children are frequently born with criminal tendencies, and with a crav-

ing for the same indulgencies the father possessed. Unfortunately they possess less will-power than the father. They begin their career on the toboggan slide.

Worse Than Losing an Arm

The boys that have returned from the battle front minus a leg or an arm are subjects of pity, but may, if they are in possession of well balanced minds, make a success of life. The injury does not extend beyond themselves. If they marry, their children will in all probability be born with two sound legs and two sound arms. It is not so with the child of the cigarette fiend. It comes into the world a degenerate. I am aware that this is strong language, but it is the truth, and it is time for the truth to be spoken. The child of the tobacco devotee, and especially of the one whose custom it is to inhale the smoke, comes into the world handicapped in the great battle of life.

Abortions are more common among the wives of the men who smoke than among the wives of non-smokers. The mortality is also greater among infants born to smokers than it is among infants born to non-smokers. Children that survive have unstable nervous systems, and are inclined to take up with the use of alcohol, tobacco or drugs. It has been ascertained by careful scientific study that fully 75 per cent of England's inebriates are defectives, and have taken to drink because of these hereditary defects. The sins of the children are chargeable to the parents.

It is a disputed question among scientists whether cigarette smoking makes degenerates of boys or whether they smoke because they are degenerates. All are agreed that degeneracy and cigarette smoking are associated. There is no doubt but that boys smoke because they are degenerates, and that many are degenerates because the parents smoke. Smoking, in other words, makes degenerates, and degenerates, as a rule, take to smoking and other drug addictions.

A Large Army of Drug Fiends

There are 5,000,000 drug fiends in the United States. New York City alone has 100,000 victims of the drug habit, according to Dr. Copeland, New York City's Health Commissioner. America last year consumed 475,000 pounds of opium, ten times as much as was consumed in any other country of the world, not includ-

ing China. The rule is cigarette, drink, and then drugs, but back of it all is the inherited craving for something that nothing but a narcotic will appease. The reformation of the habits of future generations must begin with the present.

So universal is this craving that Dr. Parkhurst made this sweeping statement a few years ago in defense of the sale of the milder alcoholic beverages, as beer and wine: "The desire for something more stimulating than anything found in brook or cistern is a natural one." I admit it is almost a universal desire, but it is not a natural desire. The desire may be acquired, but is most often inherited. There is no desire for anything more stimulating than what is found in brook or cistern among horses or other animals—even the monkey, most nearly resembling man in structure, has no craving for anything stronger than the liquid which floats the mighty steamships.

Girls possess the same craving that boys do. The only thing that saves them from smoking cigarettes is public prejudice. Let public prejudice be removed and the millions of nervous women in America will find in the cigarette just what they have been longing for to temporarily allay their nervous symptoms, and they will take to them as naturally as the duckling takes to the water. But woe be to America when her women take up with this habit. Woman has thus far been a conservator of racial vigor in this respect. We all are thankful that our mothers were not smokers. Conditions are bad enough in America as it is, with men and boys smoking, but when women and girls take up with the practice, the nation is doomed.

The Effect on Heathen Races

The North American Indians, among whom smoke inhalation had its origin, are practically eliminated. Women and men smoked. The nations of New Zealand, pronounced by Capt. Cook the finest people civilization had ever encountered, perfect in physique and still young at ninety years, are now a race of degenerates. Out of 120,000, less than 40,000 of them are left. Civilized man introduced to them alcohol and tobacco. They regarded them as gifts from the gods. Men and women, young and old, began to use them. As a result, this noble race has about disappeared.

One hundred and fifty years ago there were, it is estimated, 350,000 Hawaiians. The white

man entered their domain and with him the twin evils, alcohol and tobacco. Their women smoke as do the men. They reasoned if tobacco is good for men, it is equally good for women, and so both men and women took up with the habit. The latest census report shows that less than 29,000 of them are left. The death of the last full-blooded Hawaiian is not far in the future.

In America, cigarette smoking among women is confined practically to harlots and the so-termed "upper class." Should America's existence depend upon these, she too would meet with the fate of the Hawaiian Island, as smoking women become sterile.

France has been, up to the time of the war, the greatest consumer of alcoholic beverages of any country in the world. It is true, men and women dead drunk are not often seen there. They drink the milder alcoholic beverages which keep them in a continuous state of mild intoxication. This is more injurious to the germ plasm and offspring than occasional sprees. The women of France are given more to cigarette smoking than are American women.

France is following fast in the trail of Hawaii. Her deaths exceed her births. This was true in pre-war times. The six months preceding the war the number of deaths exceeded the births by over 28,000. In

other words, France was being depopulated at the rate of over 50,000 annually. The decline in births has greatly increased, and also the mortality, during the period of war. Among the civilian population alone the death rate during the year 1917 exceeded the birth rate by three-quarters of a million. The war has been largely responsible for this tremendous falling off among the civilian population. There is no doubt that after-war conditions will show no improvement over pre-war conditions.

The use of cigarettes has greatly increased both among men and women. France may have won in the war with Germany, but she will be defeated by the "little white slaver" and associated evils. America has made some tremendous strides the past few years, and bids fair to be France's close second in race decline. Through the ingenious advertising schemes of tobacco concerns innocent men and women have been enlisted in boosting the tobacco trade. The increase in the sales of cigarettes has been phenomenal. Nothing like it has

ever been witnessed on this planet. Almost everybody—that is, among males—now smokes and among women the habit is greatly increasing. The experience of nations and laboratory experiments fully harmonize in revealing that degeneracy follows in the wake of tobacco smoke.



DISAPPOINTMENT

Robert Hare

Spring-time blossoms blossom sweetly,
Like the hopes that cheer our way,
But some bleak wind's frosted fingers
Tears assunder, while dawn lingers,
Hopes and blossoms of the day!

Frosted blossoms, hopes all withered,
Tear filled eyes, and heart oppressed—
Disappointment weaves the sorrow,
Shadows every coming morrow,
Hides the crimson of the west!

Prospects brightening, rise before us,
Golden treasures promised, wait,
Day-dreams that we thought divinest,
Perish e'er the noon declinest,
And the spring-buds blossom late!

Disappointment's cup of wormwood,
Touches every trembling lip;
All must kneel by Mara-waters,
Hardy sons or cherished daughters,
Of its bitter waves to sip!

Oh, is life all broken music?
Played by some unskillful hand?
Nay, its broken chords are weaving
Though the spirit oft is grieving,
Some sweet song that love has planned!

In the perfect days hereafter,
When the tear-mists leave our sight,
We will hear the music ringing
Sweet as visioned seraph singing,
For God's ways are always right!

Mourn not then o'er disappointments
Heaven has healing for thy grief,
Frost-nipped buds will bloom more brightly,
Wearied footsteps tread more lightly,
In the hour of glad relief!

A Flying Age

Caroline Lousie Clough

WHEN men can mount up into the sky and sail over the country and even across the Atlantic from shore to shore, without horses, rails or wheels, we must admit that we have reached a flying age.

Christopher Columbus who first sailed the high seas in his quaint sail boat in search of this new country, would have looked in wonder today at Hawker in his Sopwith aeroplane plunging into space in a bold attempt to fly to the other shore two thousand miles away.

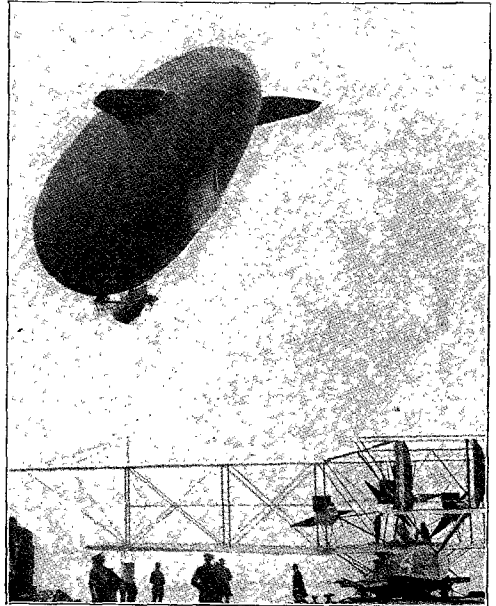
Prof. Donaldson and his party who in 1873 attempted to sail across the Atlantic in an old-fashioned balloon and came to grief four hours later after traveling only one hundred miles, was the first to attempt to fly over the sea. And we all remember Walter Wellman in 1910, who succeeded in getting some distance over the ocean in his dirigible *America* and was rescued by the steamship *Trent*.

The first to actually reach the other shore was the NC-4, commanded by Lieut. Albert C. Read. The actual flying time for the 2,150-mile flight from shore to shore was twenty-six hours and forty-one minutes, cutting down to less than a quarter the transatlantic record made by the fastest ocean liner, so says the *Independent* of June 7.

The Outlook for May 28 in speaking of this new and daring adventure in the interest of progress, says:

"The feat of crossing the wide expanse of the Atlantic was as sure to be attempted and in the end by one method or another accomplished as was the laying of the first ocean cable. Difficulty and danger are merely obstacles and drawbacks to be met and overcome by courage and invention. Just as the reaching of the precise point on the map called the North Pole, while not in itself of immense practical value, led for years to the splendid exploits of Arctic exploration, to the development of heroic endeavor, and to the acquisition of substantial knowledge, so the airmen's conquest of the sea, though it may not soon result in the transportation of freight, passengers, or mail, will forward immensely the solving of the problems of air navigation. Only experiment, audacity, and experience have brought about

the marvelous airplane development of the past; and just those things must carry it further. Wilbur and Orville Wright in their first feeble flights risked their lives as boldly as did Hawker and Grieve last week. It is the existence of men like them, men of intrepid and adventurous nature, confident in their own power to cope with danger and ill chance, that



From the Independent.

The big dirigible, C-5, made a record breaking flight from Long Island to Newfoundland, but was blown to sea from its moorings before it could start the transatlantic flight. The seaplane, NC-4 is the first aircraft to fly across the Atlantic.

has made the history of exploration and achievement what it is. The pioneer of the air, like the pioneer in unknown lands, is the precursor of the advance of human endeavor and accomplishment."

"Chatting Along the Milky Way"

Under this title *The Independent* for July 12 gives a glimpse of the marvelous progress of the radio and wireless telephone and its valuable aid in flying. Imagine, if you can, an aeroplane circling around in the open air a thousand feet above you or flying at the rate of one hundred miles an hour and you stand-

ing on the ground can carry on a conversation with the man in the plane! This was actually accomplished, and as long ago as 1917, but secrecy was necessary until the close of the war. Now the transatlantic fliers can visit with each other or with the home station while flying from shore to shore in a little more than one day of twenty-four hours.

Marvelous progress, we all say, and such it is. Imagine the change in commerce and the business world when two continents are brought together in one day! A regular aerial mail route between New York and Chicago has now been established making it possible for photographs taken at five o'clock in the afternoon in Cleveland, Ohio, to be published in the evening paper in Chicago the same night.

At the present rate of progress soon the whole, wide, wide world will be bound together as one country. And the question comes home to us, "Is all this in God's plan? Has He warned us of just such a time coming? Surely He has, for in the time of the end: "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased." Dan. 12:4. Christ tells us that "This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come." Matt. 24:14. Now we can see, coming in the near future, means of spreading the gospel unthought-of in the days of the oxcart and the pony express. The end of all things is at hand. Let us therefore be sober and watch unto prayer.

A HUMAN FLY

A. W. SPALDING

[We have culled this brief item from the graduation address which Professor Spalding gave at the Broadview Swedish Seminary May 24, 1919.—Ed.]

I stood one day with a crowd in Nashville that was watching the man they call the Human Fly, climb outside the great tower of the Union Station. Skillful and daring, he climbed up and up, from window-ledge to cornice, clinging to the rough projections of stone, where it seemed no human hand could hold. He held that great crowd with hypnotic spell. "Ah!" they breathed with bated breath, "Ah, what nerve, what daring, what wonderful skill!" But I thought, "Of what use is all this? How is that man doing anything to touch and help his fellowmen?"

Down below him in the station flowed a

stream of life, people coming and going from every quarter of the land. They were engaged in the great business of life; they were accomplishing things worth while; some of them were helping one another. But he, the human fly, high up, detached, could not if he had wished have reached a hand to help a single person in distress. So one may climb up the cold, detached heights of philosophy, with wondrous daring and undoubted skill, and yet be so far away from his fellow-men that he is nothing to them but a daring, speculating human fly, wondered at but useless.

Human lives are starved and wounded, human hearts are suffering for love. And all the cruel casualness of evolutionistic philosophy can never answer nor assuage the sorrow of one lone orphaned lad as he stands by the grave of his mother and looks for the last time upon the form of her who taught him what love is. But Christianity does answer that sorrow and those longings.

NOT A SAVAGE

(From an Inmate of Wethersfield, Conn., Penitentiary)

"I ran across one of THE LIFE BOAT magazines, and I find it very good. I hope you will send me the next number until I can send a subscription next month for a year. I will try to lead a better life. THE LIFE BOAT is a good instructor. The Bible is better, but I do not understand it. But I am not a savage, for I think of God often, and am sorry for the life that I have been leading.

"If I am not asking too much, will you kindly write me a motherly letter, because my mother is thousands and thousands of miles away. So it takes about three or four months before I can receive a letter from mother or father.

"May God help your workers. Please pray for me."

BEWARE OF THE SLANDERER

Slander is worse than gossip, for gossip is often good-natured, but slander is always venomous. "The poison of asps" is under the slanderer's lips. Slanderers are the "asps" of society, both in the snake-like secrecy of their attack and in the deadly venom of their bite; and nothing good can be said of them or of their progenitor who serpented his way into Eden and slandered God.—*Selected.*

The Ministry—Our Privilege*

Prof. J. G. Lamson

THE law of service is the law of heaven. It was the law of heaven before this earth was ever made. When God created this world many other world were in existence, and when the creation was completed in this world God saw that what he had made was very good.

There has never been a story of a fall, for no other world has ever fallen. Those who inhabited the heavens were those who obeyed God because they loved Him and no matter what the test might have been—and we do not know what the test was in any world but our own—every test was faithfully met and no other world ever fell. The beings inhabiting heaven were obedient unto God, and every time there was a thought framed in the mind of God any individual in the creation of God concerned with that thought, thought the same thing, so that when any thought of any kind took place in the mind of God as concerning any being that he had created, for that being to do, or refrain from doing, something to perform, or a work to carry out—the moment that thought was framed in the mind of the Creator that moment in the mind of the individual concerned the same thought was framed and that being started instantly to do the work that the Creator wanted done. That was perfect obedience. It was the work of every individual in heaven to serve. It was the business of God in heaven to serve as God; it was his duty and his love to protect and watch and guide all of his created intelligences. He did that from love, and because he served every being that he created, he was the *greatest* of all beings and he was the *servant* of all. The law of service was the law of heaven.

This world was created and the race was placed in this world for the purpose of inhabiting it. God said He made the world to be inhabited and He intended that the race should go forward and make this whole world blossom just like the garden which God planted eastward in Eden; and if Adam and Eve had been true to the test placed before them they and their descendants would have made this world blossom like the rose—would have made

the world all over just the same kind of a garden as the garden planted eastward in Eden.

Man was placed in this earth and given a period of probation. That period of probation was to extend a longer or shorter time just as Adam and Eve behaved themselves with regard to probation. If they were obedient to God they would live forever, there would never be any trouble, there would never be any death, and after a reasonable length of time (reasonable in the sight of God) their probation would have ceased and the opportunity to do the evil would have passed from them because they would have shown that they had no disposition to do the wrong.

However, into this world came Satan, the fallen angel, and he succeeded in getting Adam and Eve to follow his counsel and advice instead of the advice of God. As a result of that the race fell because of Adam's fall, and when the race fell, probation had to be extended longer in order to give the race every opportunity needed to pass the test that God would place before them, to find out if they should be granted the privilege of inhabiting a home in heaven.

Satan had judged that God was not a God of love but an arbitrary, harsh, austere being. He had gone around among the angels and told them, "God is not a God of love. His joy is entirely selfish." Many of the angels took the side of Satan and they had to be cast out of heaven because of the rebellion which they created there. Satan came to this earth and found joy in causing one of God's created beings to turn from God and to take the same viewpoint with regard to God as that Satan himself had. He brought the temptation to Adam and Eve and they fell.

This brought the opportunity for God to manifest a different kind of love from that which had ever been manifested before in all the universe of God. It is not a difficult proposition for anyone to love a lovable being. It was not a difficult proposition for God to love the lovely and unfallen beings he had created. Here comes an opportunity for God to love a fallen being, one who is in rebellion against

*Culled from Hinsdale Nurses' Graduation Address given June 23, 1919.

him, one who has turned from his counsel and done despite to his will; and for the first time in the history of all the universe, God, in council with Jesus Christ, in the councils of the past, accepted the sacrifice of his Son, even the death of the cross, and permitted his Son to come down to the earth and minister to a fallen race. The first time in the history of the universe we have the illustration of God, the pure, the mighty, and the holy, ministering his love and his kindness and his gentleness to the poor wretches who are down and out.

Now, so long as Adam and Eve had not fallen they could walk and talk with the angels, the angels could walk and talk with them and the counsels of love and peace were between them. Adam and Eve could talk with the Father face to face. They could get instruction from Christ. They had the glorious privilege of walking day by day with the unfallen beings and learning of the unfallen worlds. But now, being fallen, there is a new experience through which they must pass or they never could be at home in heaven or at home with the Lord. Prior to this time, any candidate for heaven, who had never sinned, would have very little difficulty in getting into heaven as long as the final test was passed by them, but now comes the story where the individual who is fallen, the individual who has gone wrong and transgressed the commandments of God, is to be permitted to dwell through the ages of eternity in the realms of bliss; but inasmuch as now after the fall, the candidates for heaven must learn to appreciate heaven's new spirit, it is necessary for them to have the experience of ministry just as God and the angels and Jesus Christs had to express the new kind of ministry. I want that thought to be made plain. I said heaven had not known about ministering to fallen beings. After the fall, heaven learned how to minister to fallen beings. Before the fall those who were unfallen could be accepted into heaven without any difficulty because they partook of the spirit of heaven. After the fall, God and the angels ministered to fallen beings and the spirit of heaven and love manifested itself in doing the wonderful things it did for fallen beings. Then I say that any candidate for heaven after that would have to go to school some more and get some new experience in ministry to fallen beings or they

would not be at all comfortable or at home after they reached heaven.

I was talking to a boy on the streets of Shelbyville who had been to war and I asked him, "What induced you to go to war?" He said, "Because I would be ashamed to walk the streets of this town and meet the chums who had gone over there and fought for their country when I did not do a thing. That is the reason I enlisted." How would you feel to walk up and down the street of the Tree of Life in the City of Jerusalem never having done a solitary act of ministering to the needy and suffering and then meet at every step of the way somebody you had known who had spent a lot of time ministering to those who were suffering? You would feel so much out of place that you would want a through ticket to the "other place."

The ministry for fallen beings could have been commissioned to angels. Angels could have been sent to spend their time in bringing the gospel to the fallen, but in the providence of God He decided it would be best for men and women who are fallen to learn to minister to the fallen so that when they are admitted to heaven they can appreciate the spirit of heaven which is the ministry to the fallen, and the reason that God gave the preaching of the gospel to fallen creatures is because of the fact that he wanted them to learn how to minister to fallen beings in order that they might appreciate heaven and appreciate the society of those who are giving themselves to the ministry for fallen beings.

Jesus came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance. When he calls the sinner and the sinner responds there is more joy in heaven "over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance," and the individual who takes part in the ministry for the fallen and succeeds in bringing the precious gospel to other souls, that individual is permitted to share the joy of heaven. In the life to come they will have the joy that passeth all understanding, when they have the privilege of meeting with those who responded to the gospel and of talking over the things in their life that made them accept heaven. This is what makes ministry a privilege. It is not a command but a privilege for every individual who is willing, to undertake to do something for those who need help. He who undertakes to minister to those

who are suffering as God undertook to minister to those who had fallen, becomes a co-laborer with God and is in that heavenly state and atmosphere. There is no other way I know by which an individual may taste heaven's joys except by entering the heavenly ministry. Having tasted the preciousness of that ministry here below we are going to understand and enjoy the preciousness of the service over there, and when we get on the other side, if the Lord permits and we are faithful, the happiest period of all that experience will be when somebody we have helped comes to us and says:

"In old dark Chicago you came to me and ministered to me and you read of the Saviour and you told of his love and you made me understand how I might meet God right. The journey was long, but the Lord helped me through and now I want to thank you."

It may be that some heathen of South America, or Africa, or Asia, will come up to some of you and say: "I was in darkness and despair and you came all the way from the United States clear down into this country and you brought the blessed Word. Do you remember what you did the first thing? You cleaned out a sore on the side of my head

where I had been fighting and you sterilized it and you bound it up. Do you remember that? And all the while you were doing that you were talking about a better world. I believed in that thing and now I am over here."

The joy of ministry, the joy of salvation at last, is going to be made in visiting with the folks to whom we have ministered, and if we have never done much of the ministry I doubt if we know much of the joy. There are going to be no starless crowns in glory. Every individual who gets over there will have learned the preciousness of ministry, and that true living is "not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

So I say to you that our ministry is a privilege. Do not get the idea, my friends, that it is something that just "must be done," but learn that it is the blessed privilege of the Lord God, who has permitted us to learn what service is in order that when we get up into fellowship with the Father, the Son and the angels, we may have their kind of joy. May God make every one of you successful in your service of the Most High, and in the "ministry of our God."

"Not to Be Ministered Unto, But to Minister"

Caroline Louise Clough

"NOT to be ministered unto, but to minister," is the spirit of the Hinsdale Senior Nurses' class who completed their course of training on June 23, 1919. They not only chose this quotation for their class motto, but they have demonstrated during their three years of training that their highest ambition has been to minister to others. During the first year of their training much of their time was gladly given in caring for the sick poor of Chicago. Whatever the case of need they were there to help and they did not wait to be called, they *sought out* the sick and helpless ones, brought them relief and then knelt in prayer with them. That same spirit the class has carried with them all through their course, and during the "flu" epidemic they gave their lives unsparingly in caring for hundreds of cases, not only in Hinsdale and the surrounding country, but also in other States where they were called to save human

life, and the Lord honored their work and their prayers with souls saved for the Kingdom.

On the evening of the graduation the Sanitarium gymnasium was crowded to its utmost capacity, and there amidst the aroma of the pines and under the green oak bowers, with the sweet peas and June roses perfuming the air, the class of 1919 passed the milepost which marked the completion of their training and the entry of a larger life of ministry.

By special request of the class, our Chaplain, Prof. Lamson, gave the address of the evening.

"The law of service is the law of heaven," he said. "It was the work of every individual in heaven to serve. It was the business of the God of heaven to serve as God; it was His duty and His love to protect and watch and guide all of His created intelligences. He did that from love, and because He served every being that He created, He was the *greatest*

of all beings and He was the *servant* of all."

How vastly different from the worldly standard of greatness is the standard which our Master has set for us! And those who undertake to minister to the suffering become co-laborers together with God. The only way to taste heaven's joys is by entering into heaven's ministry, and we trust that this class, with the vast army of those who minister, may not only sit down at the marriage feast of the

their choice selections of music. A class song was sung which had been composed for the occasion by Prof. Lamson.

Pastors A. J. Clark and I. J. Woodman besought God's blessing on the meeting. Mr. Julius Paulson, President of the Hinsdale Sanitarium Board of Trustees, presented the class with diplomas, at the same time expressing the desire that as the class steps out of the nurses' training school into the larger school—



THE GRADUATING CLASS OF 1919

Standing, left to right—Beda Bengtson, Una Shelburg, Alice Youngs, Morley Bresette, Maud Erickson, Ethel Post, Agnes Jensen, Ida Peterson. Sitting—Eunice Mallernee, Dagmor Jensen, Hilma Swanson, Sylvia Bossert.

Lamb, but may also shake the hand of many to whom they ministered in old dark Chicago.

Miss Maud Erickson, who came to Hinsdale first as a stenographer, and later became so impressed with the opportunity of ministry afforded in the nurses' class that she joined the class which started in 1916, was later elected its president and represented the class on graduation night by a paper entitled, "The Greatest Need of the World Today."

Mr. Hutt J. Fisher, violinist, and Mr. Paul O. Campbell, soloist, and Mrs. Marie Jones Anderson, pianist, enlivened the program with

their life's work—they may be as much of a success as their work in the past has been.

We feel that the majority of this class have already fully consecrated their entire lives to God for service. Some are looking forward to the foreign field, others are expecting to take up real medical missionary work in the homeland, and some are deciding to remain at Hinsdale and help bear the burdens here.

Our prayers go with these splendid young people and we are sure THE LIFE BOAT readers will enjoy the reports from them after they are started in their respective fields of labor.

Pointed Paragraphs.

Prof. J. G. Lamson

Our faith will have to reach higher than the "foundations."

* * *

Faith is the body (substance), works is the spirit (Greek "Pneuma"). So it is always true, "faith if it hath not works, is dead, being alone."

* * *

No trouble at all to see "works" on every hand and in every direction, but they are of value only when made perfect by "faith;" for "by works was faith made perfect."

* * *

If the "works" do not spring from "faith," they have no enduring value, no value at all in God's sight,—“For as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also.” And as the word "spirit" symbolizes works disconnected from faith, so works without faith are nothing but breath. (Greek "Pneuma")—air. Talk is not the only thing that is wind, air and "hot air," for *works* are of no more value unless faith produces them.

* * *

Faith is not an **END**, it is a *means*.

* * *

Faith works.

Faith is the gift of God, and He has given to "every man the measure of faith;" but when God gives us faith it is not to be framed like a diploma and hung on the wall, but is to be put to work. * * *

Faith is not a mere assent to some principle of duty or truth. Faith is *dynamic*. It has power stored, but is no good until released for duty. Its *potential* energy must be transformed into kinetic energy.

* * *

Faith is the water stored in the mill pond. when released it turns the wheel. Faith is the voltage on the wire. If the wire is never touched or tapped, there will be "nothing doing," but just make the proper connection and there will be "something doing."

Put the body and spirit together and there is life. Put faith and works together and there is life. You can see "works," but you cannot see "faith" anymore than you can see "spirit." You cannot *see* how much electricity there is on the wire. You cannot *see* how much power in the pond. But just let those forces loose and you will soon see results. *Faith* is always shown by *works*. There is no other way. "Show me thy faith without thy works and I will show thee my faith by my works." Jas. 2:18. And "by works was faith made perfect."

* * *

A whole carboy of electrolyte is valueless when sealed up and set away. Faith is not to be corked up in a demijohn.

* * *

Faith works. Yes, it works, but it works "by love." If not "by love" it is not faith. Don't get the idea that faith is a blind uncontrollable force like a cyclone or a volcanic eruption. It is not. Faith brings grace first of all, and all other blessings follow in its train. And remember **FAITH WORKS**.

* * *

And what a blessing that God made faith a means to salvation and not riches, or education or talent or fame. Had He said to fallen man, "If you will heap up a million dollars I will let you into heaven," only a *few* would succeed. Had the Lord said, "Just get a degree of D. D. from some university and I will attach an admission ticket to heaven to the bottom of your-sheepskin," and then only a few would enter the pearly gates. If heaven could be gained by climbing the Alps or measuring the road from the Red Sea to Mecca, not many would be there; but No. By grace are ye saved through *faith*, and that not of yourselves; it (faith) is the gift of God. And so "the measure of faith" is given to each man, and is enough to save him, but it is a **FAITH THAT WORKS**.

Among the City's Poor

Mildred Knowles

IT is Sunday morning and our workers are gathering for the jail services. We feel so weak and inefficient to cope with the army of the evil one. We can hear the jeering and coarse laugh as we pass through the hall on our way upstairs to the room where we go to seek God's blessing on our work. We know we can do nothing of ourselves, but our constant prayer is that we may live so close to our Master that He can work through us for the saving of souls.

As we passed out the song books we noticed one man pacing the floor and he refused to take a book. But before we finish the first song he has taken the book and tears are

to raise her hand for prayer and we believe she was sincere in saying she was going to live a Christian life. Was not our work that day worth while?

One morning I felt impressed to visit a lady I had not seen for about five weeks. To my surprise I found that she had been very ill and two days before was not expected to live. I visited with her a few minutes and she told how she had missed us. I feared our talking might tire her but she said there was no one she would rather see. As I left, she said, "You will pray for me out there, will you not, for I know that is what will help me."

Little William was a very sick lad as he



Miss Knowles in center of picture, with a dear woman at her left who has been deprived of her eyesight, and who enjoys the visits of the nurses.

streaming from his eyes. He had at one time been a Christian but had strayed from the path of right. How our hearts rejoiced as he knelt with us and again asked forgiveness of his Saviour and arose determined to lead a Christian life.

In the Stanton jail we found ten women. All but one had at some time professed to be followers of Christ. One colored woman had a seven-weeks-old baby at home with no one to care for her.

Another who became so weary from her daily labors that she took just one drink of whisky to "brace up," and it proved to be too much and we found her in jail.

But our hearts went out to the one who had never been a Christian. At first she joked and was unconcerned, but she was the first

lay in bed in the back room of a rooming house where he and his mother lived. He was only ten years old, but his body terribly swollen from edema caused by heart trouble. His patience and child-like faith was a wonderful lesson to some of us older ones. We visited him every day for two weeks, but one morning found that the little room was empty. His sufferings were over. The mother's heart seemed broken. William longed for the day when he could earn money and his mother would be able to stay at home. We were so glad to be able to bring that mother out to Hinsdale for a short visit and help brighten the way for her just a little.

During the past month we have been caring for a woman and her tiny baby. This mother had no friends in Chicago upon whom she could

depend so we helped all we could. There are four little boys in the home and how glad they were to have little Elizabeth come to live with them.

These words below have been a help to me

RESCUE CREW IN MORAL SWAMPS

MAUD WILSON COBB

I have mothered over a hundred girls in the last few years. Their faces pass before me and the little babies who come and go only



One of the Nurses' Chicago Friends

in my work. Let us each "call back" and God will see that some one is helped by us doing so.

"If you have gone a little way ahead of me, call back;
'Twill cheer my heart and help my feet along the stony track,
And, if perchance, faith's light is dim, because the oil is low,
Your call will guide my lagging course as wearily I go.

"Call back and tell me that He went with you into the storm;
Call back, and say he kept you when the forest's roots were torn.

That, when the heavens thundered and the earthquakes shook the hill,
He bore you up and held you where the very air was still.

"But if you'll say he heard you when your prayer was but a cry,

And if you'll say he saw you through the night's sin-darkened sky,
If you have gone a little way ahead, O friend call back;

'Twill cheer my heart and help my feet along the stony track."

When you get into a tight place and everything goes against you till it seems as though you could not hold on a minute longer, never give up then, for that's just the place and time that the tide will turn.—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Sin will either kill prayer, or prayer will kill sin.

"In company, guard your tongue; in solitude, your heart."

make my heart a little more tender towards weak humanity.

Every Sunday morning when I stand in our old Clark street jail and other prisons later in the day and talk to young and old men, I do it because there I find some mother's son. Some mother loved him in his innocence. I often think if I could only take him or her with all his blight, she would love him still. We now have five men converted. We have knelt by their side on the cold cement jail floor and heard them confess their sins and ask for help to be men.

You know how it seems to see a man to all appearance, dying and then see him raised to health and strength and walk with men again. We see men spiritually sick, and physically sick too, and are able to make them see that there is power to save, and to make them believe that the Spirit of God will not strive with man always. If there is a tender spot in their heart, we find it, and by kindness and a little help, we see them become new men in health and strength and go about trying to help others who are helpless and down. One cannot help but feel as though it pays and the work is worth while.

In this day of trouble many men find themselves behind prison bars. Men's hearts seem to fail them with fear, and they become reck-

less. Five hundred young men were held in one district a few nights ago. All were angry. It was hot and they had neither food nor drink. A raid had been made, and these men were gathered from different sections of the city. At first I thought I could not quiet the men in our jail. While one of our young men spoke the prisoners would not listen. At last I began to talk. I told them something of my life, how I had been left an orphan, and then the struggle to even live, first under one environment and then another. First trying to be good and then failing in the attempt, would fall down and then begin over again, and then the long hunt for my favorite brother and how I found him in the downward path of destruction, and how I tried to help him and in trying to help him I found many other brothers and sons who needed help and that I had always found that love would help to lift them to something better, and then I proved to them the love of Christ was worth more than gold or silver, and His

earth. You were Job or the beloved John or some wonderful character."

The man said, "No, you must guess again."

But the man could not. Then the angel said, "I was the thief on the cross whom Jesus forgave while on the cross beside me."

The man then said, "Oh, let me go back to earth and tell all the thieves what Jesus can make of a thief if they will only believe."

Just then a beautiful angel appeared and he knew it was a woman's face. He asked if she was the mother of Jesus or who might she be, for he had never seen a more perfect being.

The angel said, "No," as one after the other of the women who have been great while on earth was mentioned.

At last she said, "No, I am the Mary Magdalene of whom the earthly people knew, but Jesus forgave me and I accepted His grace."

The man then said, "I must reach every Magdalene and tell her how Jesus saves."

Now this was only a dream, but it is the



A Group of Children in the Neighborhood Visited by the Nurses

love would redeem men. He came just to save men like they were, and I did not feel out of place by being in their midst, for Christ himself was found in just such company very often.

I told them the story of a very good man who once dreamed that he had died and was admitted to the heavenly courts and he met a beautiful being, an angel, and he said:

"How beautiful you are. You must have been one of the saints if you were ever on

truth. These characters we will surely meet in the new earth and it is your duty and my duty to tell every thief and every Magdalene that Jesus died that they might live.

Every man in the hearing of this story was quiet. You could almost hear a pin drop. When the time came for prayer, every man knelt. I expect that many of them committed their lives to God that day, for a chorus of voices repeated the Lord's prayer. After prayer, many thankful hearts said, "You have

told us a truth today and may God bless your good work."

I wonder if some of these men will not be kinder and have a more tender heart because someone cared enough to come and tell them the story of Jesus. How many people, men, women or children, have you ever told the story of Jesus? Will it not be wonderful in the new earth to have someone say to you, "When I was in sin, down and out, you whispered the word of hope to me. I took new courage. I made an effort and with the help of God, I have been saved, but you gave me the start because you were not too busy, and thought of my soul."

WHY NOT REMOVE THE RUBBISH?

MRS. E. G. WHITE

[This splendid instruction we culled from an article entitled "Unity in Work and in Counsel," believing that it will be an inspiration to our readers as it has been to us. It will soon be too late for us to "minister to the despairing and to inspire hope in the heart of the hopeless," so let us remove the rubbish from our hearts so that the sealed fountains of earnest Christ-like work may be unsealed.—Ed.]

We must *humble self, to day, tomorrow, constantly*, with a willing, sanctified heart we must co-operate with God. We are living in a time when Satan has come down with great power. He is walking about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour, but *the Lord is ready* to take away the sin that hinders us from yoking up with Christ. If we wear the yoke of Christ, He will be our Immanuel "God With Us"; supplying every weakness with his strength. Every inefficiency with his power and success. But if we take glory to ourselves, he removes his excellency from us and we no longer ride prosperously.

Dig up the stones, remove the rubbish from your heart. Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world. God's servants need constantly to lay hold with one hand of souls ready to perish, while with the hand of faith they lay hold of the throne of God. Souls possessed of evil spirits will present themselves before us. We must cultivate the spirit of earnest prayer mingled with genuine faith to save them from ruin, and this will confirm our faith.

God designs that the sick and the unfortunate, and those possessed of evil spirits shall

hear His voice through us. *Through his human agents* he desires to be a comforter *such as the world has never before seen.* His words are to be voiced by his followers, "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. Ye believe in God, believe also in Me."

"The Lord will work through *every soul* that will give himself up to the work, not only to preach, but to *minister* to the despairing and to inspire hope in the heart of the hopeless. we are to act our part in relieving and softening the miseries of this life. The miseries and mysteries of this life are as dark and cloudy as they were thousands of years ago. There is something for us to do. 'Arise, shine, for thy light is come and the Glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.' There are needy ones close by us. The suffering are in our very borders. We must try to help them. By the grace of Christ *the sealed fountains of earnest Christlike work are to be unsealed.* In the strength of Him who has all strength, we are to work *as we have never worked before.* The time of need and necessity makes plain our great need of a personal, all-powerful God in whom is everlasting strength and in whose power we may work."

TRYING TO BE A MAN

(From the Dannemora, N. Y., Penitentiary)

"You may be surprised to hear from me, but after reading your editorial in *THE LIFE BOAT*, I could not help but take this liberty.

"I read *THE LIFE BOAT* from cover to cover, and I find many things that make me understand more clearly what I should do to be pure and clean.

"I came to this prison October 29, 1915, to serve ten years for forgery. Since I came here I have studied very hard to make a man of myself, and fit myself in life so that when I leave here I'll not be a disgrace to society, but a follower of my Heavenly Father. I realize now that in God is my only hope of everlasting life, and for more than three years I have tried to serve Him with all my heart and soul, and I know he has forgiven me of my sins, and I am trying to keep from sinning again.

"My case will go before the Governor for a commutation of sentence, and if I make it, it will be necessary for me to have employment."

USE YOUR TALENTS*

W. A. WESTWORTH

We are living in a time of peace, and God says, that in this time of peace you and I should take advantage of the opportunity that he is giving us because in a little while we will be in the swelling of Jordan, and we will not have the opportunities that are afforded to us now. The river Jordan is a still stream—so still that one can hardly tell whether it is running north or south, but when the rain comes, it is a mad rushing torrent, carrying destruction all along its banks. And the Lord says, "If in the land of peace, wherein thou trustedst, they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?" Jer. 12:5.

God will hold you accountable for the blessing you have received and he demands that you pass the blessing on to somebody else. There are some folks that say they can't, and they say, "Brother Westworth, I would like to do something for God, but there isn't anything I can do for the Lord. I have tried this and that and I can't do anything." I say, "What are you here for any how? Do you think that God made man just to be an ornament?" The flowers breath in the deadly carbon that we breathe out. Man can't live where there is no vegetation, and those very flowers, beautiful as they are, have a job in this world. They have something to do, and you and I have something to do. God has something for every one to do. Don't you remember the parable about the talents? He gave to every man a talent.

A man told me that the ordinary bee works from morning till night until there is nothing more to do, and all that they get, over what they use during the winter is one-third teaspoonful of honey, and I thought if those bees could have the power of thought and speech and if they would say, "Now look here, it is no use of me working here to get a little drop of sweetness, and then one man comes along and eats it all on one batch of buck-wheat cakes in a couple of minutes."

Friends, you and I may not be able to do but a very little, but if we will all do the best we can, when we gather together what we have all done, we will have heaven filled with ransomed folks. It is the aggregate that will count, and the work of all God's people will give us Glory filled with praise to the

name of Jesus Christ. But says one, "I have tried, I have worked and worked and I haven't seen any results, and I have just gotten sick and tired."

A doctor said some years ago that he had been reading about these great "sky-scrapers," they were putting up in the cities. They were altogether different from anything he had seen, and he did so wish he could see one of those buildings. He was living in Kingston, New York, at the time, and a company had been elected to build a high building. However, he went down town one day and he noticed at a corner that an old building had been torn down and there was a great deal of activity going on around there and he just thought, "That is where they are putting up that sky-scraper." He noticed the masons were busy laying a very large foundation and in a moment or two he became particularly interested in one man who was trying to find a stone to fit in a particular hole in the foundation. After looking around he found one stone that he thought would work all right. Then the Doctor said he saw that the man would have to cut this stone just in half and the half of the stone would fit in the place.

He had to mark off where he wanted to break it and he began to peck that stone and he worked and pecked all along the mark and turned it over and pecked some more, and the doctor said, "Why in the world doesn't he get to work and break it?" But the man just turned it over again and pecked and finally the doctor got nervous and said, "Say, do you expect to ever break that stone?" and the man just looked at him and went on pecking away, and rolled it over and over again.

The doctor said to him, "oh, you are just putting in time. I bet if the foreman was here, he wouldn't do that." Finally he thought, "I am wasting time watching him, and just about the time when he thought that he would go, the man lifted his hammer and with one hard blow broke the stone where he wanted it. He looked at the doctor, and said, "Say man, was it the first crack that broke that stone, or was it the last one?"

There is a great lesson in that for us. We sometimes think that the work is an immense boulder and we look at the talent God has given us and we say we can't do anything.

"If I could preach like so and so then I could get busy, but what I can do is so little, that

*From talk given recently at Watertown, Wis.

it is no use of me attacking that great stone." And sometimes I find some people willing to use the little hammer that God has given them. The men that are doing things aren't the men that have ten talents, but the men who have two talents.

We can't always hit the last blow. We would get the big head if we did, but God lets us work away and work away, so we'll not get the big head, for after all, the results are God's business, and my business is to keep pecking away. Take the talents God has given us and use them, and when you get to glory you will have someone come along and say, "You are the fellow that started me." Something that you did in Jesus' name that started me here.

Oh, brethren, we are in the land of peace, and we have the chance to work for God; ought we not to say, "God has given me this truth so that I can go out and be a blessing to someone else." I say that if you have a blessing from God, it is that you may go and be a blessing to somebody else.

We are living in the land of peace. We have a chance now. By and by our opportunity will be passed, by and by we will not have the privileges that are given to us today. By and by the swelling of Jordan will come, and when that time has come, all those that have developed strength by activity will be able to stand. Only those that have taken advantage of days of opportunity, only those that have done what they could, will be able to stand the trying scenes.

If you and I are going to develop a character that will stand, it will be made perfect through suffering. Jesus was made perfect through suffering. You and I must meet temptations and trials. We have got to meet these things so that we can get these things burned out of our lives. We will have to show that we are fit for heaven, and then God will be on our side, and He will take care of us.

While God is giving opportunity, let us give our hearts to Him. Let's give our whole soul in service to our Father. Let us serve Him so that by and by when the work is all finished we will all be gathered home.

"The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

KEPT BY THE POWER OF GOD

MRS. H. E. SAWYER-HOPKINS

One time while visiting a relative, some twenty-one miles from Battle Creek, Mich., as we were seated at the dinner table I noticed dark clouds in the West. The clouds seemed to linger a long time, then came a light shower—the forerunner of a storm.

When a child attending public school, I learned to sing several songs, one of which I never forgot. Since that time whenever a thunder shower comes up, the following lines come to mind:

"It thunders! but I tremble not,
My trust is firm in God;
His arm of strength I've ever sought
Through all the way I've trod;
He saves in danger's fearful hour
The children of His love:
His watchful eye and boundless power
No shock of time can move.

The Hand that gives the morning light
And paints the blushing rose,
Controls the storm with sovereign's might,
Or bids it e'en repose;
'Tis He that guides the sparrow's wings,
And keeps the insects' ways,
And watches every herb that springs,
And numbers all our days.

I therefore fear no tempest's rage,
No lightning's dazzling fire;
His vows who rules from age to age,
My heart with trust inspire;
While I am His and He is mine,
I'm ever safe from ill;
O, let my heart and voice combine
His courts with praise to fill."

I thought I would go up stairs and close the windows. Passing a room I heard the crashing of window panes and the wind rising at a fearful rate. As I returned down stairs, it seemed for a moment as if our time had come, and the big house would surely go. The roaring was *terrific*; it sounded like great water wheels in motion underneath the house; I cannot describe it. We called upon the Lord to save us and spare the building; and in an instant it passed over.

On going out doors, I saw that the chimneys were all blown off, the blinds torn down, the tops of the trees on the East side, and the wind-mill on the West twisted off; and over across the road in front of us in an eleven-acre orchard about a dozen large apple trees were uprooted or had large branches broken down. One very large oak tree was torn up by the roots, and lay across the road; a small building back of the woodshed was lifted over a wire fence eight feet high and laid down on its side; thus the work of destruction was seen on every side of us. Across a forty-acre

lot, a farmhouse had turned over twice, then taken fire from the stove, and it was all in a blaze. Here a lady was badly injured and died a few days after. Beyond us on the East side another large brick house was blown down, then torn to pieces, and several were injured.

The fact that we had been kept in safety amid all this wreck of the tempest, impressed me with the thought—what a kind and loving Heavenly Father we have, who cares for those who trust in him through storm and wild tempest. Surely the spirit of God is being withdrawn from the earth, and calamity is following calamity by land and by sea. Tempest and earthquakes, fires and flood, are upon every land. Only in God can security be found.

May the heavenly Benefactor teach us how we can best honor Him by using every power in his service, that we may find shelter from coming storms.

AMONG OUR GIRLS

MAUD WILSON COBB

Matron Life Boat Rescue Home, Hinsdale, Ill.

Today we have seven babies in our home—all well and very strong. Every one who calls to see our Home admires the little ones. All the mothers plan how they can manage to keep their little ones. The maternal love is strong in some cases. It is not hard to plan how the mothers can provide for their own, but often it is difficult to satisfy all concerned. How can the little fourteen year old girl who has no father and several younger brothers and sisters to help care for, take another one to the humble home the mother is trying to keep up? Then how can the sixteen year old mother who is an orphan care for her fatherless child? These are the ones we must plan for and be sure the right way is provided.

One of our girls has just left for her home, with her baby on her arms, daring to face the people of her home town for her little boy's sake. One of the girls who was in our Home ten years ago paid us a visit with her boy who was born in our Home. She said, "Oh what a haven of rest this Home was to me in my distress!" Another girl who is now the mother of three fine children and has had a happy home until her husband died a month ago, attended our campmeeting with her little

family and talked to us of her boy John, now fifteen years old who was born in our first Hinsdale home—the first child to come to us. She loves our folks now and is a strict Sabbath keeper and has raised her family to believe the truth.

It does our hearts good to see the results of our early work. The Lord will bless those who helped us in those days and those who help us now. An elderly brother is now visiting us who sent us money, a washing machine



Mrs. Cobb and Mother Case with Two of Their Charming Babies

and a fine cow in the old days, and he has added a bit to our funds at this time and assures us he will continue to do so as long as Jesus gives Him anything to give to us.

It made my heart sad a few days ago when one of our sixteen-year-old mothers came to my room and said, "Mother Cobb, won't you let me do your washing and ironing? I have no more money and I want to earn some to buy little Jimmie some milk." This girl worked a few days in Hinsdale to earn some money but came home to us very sick from overwork. She wanted to buy Jimmie's milk but the money is gone. We felt that at that time she should do no washing, she is much better now but must not overwork. So someone might contribute some money for Jimmie's milk for he is a big three months' old boy and

wants a good home. Who will help Jimmie boy—the pride of our Home?

A letter came to me last January from a girl in the southern part of the state begging for a place in our home, stating she was in trouble and had no where to go; that a cruel step-father had turned her out of doors at night



"Who says it's hot?"

after beating her with an iron stove poker and her heart was almost broken; for the father of her unborn baby had deserted her after he had faithfully promised to make a home for her. Now penniless, and homeless, she would have to seek a place of shelter at once.

A lettergram was sent to the girl to come, stating that if she did not have the carfare to send us a telegram "collect," and we would aid her in reaching our home. A kind neighbor gave her shelter for a few days, then the little girl, weighing about one hundred pounds, and less than five feet in height, came to us. The big blue eyes had lost their luster, they were red and swollen from weeping day and night. The sobs had become sighs and at first when advised about some of the ways of doing her bit of work in the home, she would resent the advice and would cry and feel as though she was in the way. But finally, after many hours of patient instruction, we con-

vinced her that there was only one way of doing things about a home and that was to do them right. She began to do her part more cheerfully and after a while we could all depend on the girl, for when she did a thing we knew it was done right, and many times we have given her a responsibility that no one else could do, for we knew she would carry it out.

In her early stay in our home there came a time we felt it best for her to go to a hospital for treatment we did not give in our home. But she thought the trial too hard to bear, for beside being a mother and not a wife, she must be a social leper. When we stood in the examination room of a public institution her heart beating with fear and tears stream-

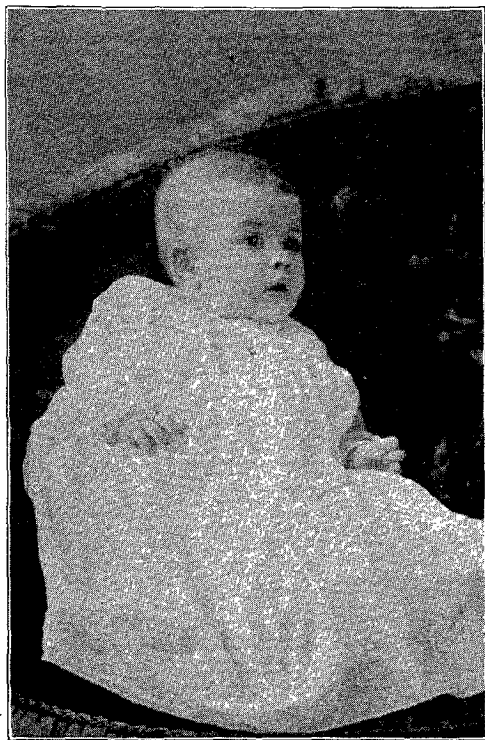


Now a Farmer's Son

ing down her face, she said, "Oh to be in the bottom of the lake, would be the best place for me." It is then, I said, "No, my dear, God has something better for you. Jesus will never have you bear one trial that He has not borne. He trod the path before you. He

knows how it feels to have to bear the blows of others. He was struck in the face for you and he carried his own cross on his weak tired shoulders for you. He was condemned and then died for you. Now for his sake be brave. If you are found to be diseased and must go to the hospital you will find hundreds of other girls there who do not trust Jesus. Let your light shine among them. Tell them in the Life Boat Rescue Home you have learned to walk with the King. You have let Jesus come into your heart, and then you have come to brighten the corner where you are. Maybe you will add the first star in the crown Jesus will let you wear if you are faithful for one you may save."

The poor girl was taken in the ward for



Shares a good home with an adopted sister thirteen months older

treatment, and for one week she remained there. She prayed for girls and prayed with others that had been sent from our home to this hospital, and in one week she with two other girls came back to our home. The health statement sent to us read: "We cannot find

a trace of the disease that was first suspicious. We give these girls a clean bill of health." How happy we all were to have our three girls back!

These three girls have been the blessing of our home. One has gone to her home in the East, renewed her church vows, and now



In a Christian home with an adopted brother six years older

thanks God for the care in our Home and the love given her in her hour of trial. The other one is still in our home gaining in health and caring for her baby until the time when its father can provide a Christian home for them. She declares that since she has become a Christian she could never tolerate the foul breath of a man who drinks or smokes or uses bad language. That her babe is too pure and sweet to be polluted by such conditions in a home where the Spirit of Christ cannot dwell.

Now our other girl, the one who wanted to go to the lake to find rest, came to me a few days ago with a telegram and said, "Mother Cobb, read this telegram." It read, "Come home if possible, I am in deep trouble. Mother." Although this mother could not defend her little girl, she has faithfully written to her each week, encouraging her. Now she calls for her. We arranged at once for the girl to

go, and with her two-months-old baby boy on her arm she went to her mother because she had called for her.

As she kissed me good-bye I said to her, "Tell me your most valuable lesson learned in the Home." She said, "That which will mean to me the most in my future life is that I have learned to trust Jesus for health, for strength and for life." We sent her from us clothed in the best of armor—no arrow can pierce through the shield she now wears.

A letter came last evening from this girl stating: "That bad man my mother married after my own father's death has at last begun

to beat my mother since he has not had me to avenge his anger upon. He has terribly abused mother. Her poor face is swollen and she is both spiritually and physically sick. I shall stand by her now and by the grace of God uphold her. We leave tomorrow for our new home. Pray for us, Mother Cobb, we need your prayers at this time. Baby is well." This girl has learned more in the last year than she would have ever known except for the stay in our home. Our Lord does even up our experiences, and if we trust Him we will learn to conquer every foe for His name's sake.

The Greatest Need of the World Today

Maud Erickson

TODAY, more than ever before in history, world movements and world needs are under consideration. Men talk and toil and, if need be, fight for what they conceive to be good or best. We hear much the terms "World war," "world peace," "world democracy," "universal religion." Some of the world moves are good, some are not so good and others do more harm than good; few are of such a nature as to consider the *personal* need of every individual that inhabits the world. There is such a need, although we do not read so much about it in the newspapers, yet the need is world wide. In times of peace and in times of war, in sickness and in health, in prosperity and in adversity, in all conditions and circumstances of life, the need exists—that of love and loving service.

The greatest of all God's commandments is, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy strength, and thy neighbor as thyself." And to illustrate "thy neighbor as thyself" we have the story of the man who, when traveling from Jerusalem to Jericho, fell among thieves which stripped him of his raiment and robbed him and wounded him and departed, leaving him half dead." "And by chance there came down a certain priest that way; and when he saw him he passed by on the other side. And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side. But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he had compassion on him, and went

to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and *took care of him*. And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again I will repay thee." Luke 10:31-35.

It cost this traveler time and money and individual labor to meet the needs of his neighbor. He saw and heeded the opportunity to do good to his neighbor, while the other two men passed by on the other side, too busy with their own affairs or too self-centered or perhaps thought it beneath their dignity to stop and minister to the needs of a mere stranger.

On the pathway of life, as rough and as full of pitfalls and beset by evil-doers as was the road from Jerusalem to Jericho, there is many a weary traveler overcome by the enemy and almost ready to give up, who needs the loving hand of a neighbor to help.

All down through the years there have been individuals whose lives shine as the stars to brighten the record of this dark world's history. Such names might be mentioned as Livingstone, Whitefield, Mueller and others who have loved God and demonstrated by their lives that they also loved their neighbor and have followed in the footsteps of the Saviour, who said of Himself, "I am among you as he that serveth."

Florence Nightingale, one of the pioneers of modern nursing, recognized that nursing is

God's work, and in giving advice to young women who are called to the vocation she said, "Submit yourselves to the rules of business by which alone you can make God's business succeed, for he never said that he will give his success to sketchy or unfinished work." She applied herself wholeheartedly to the business of doing good to others. When the call came she left her home of culture and refinement, yet did not leave her own refinement at home, but took it with her to the army hospitals of the Crimea, where she served needy and suffering humanity so well that she is best known as "The Angel of the Crimea." One who knew her well has written of her, "She is one of those whom God forms for great end." As we read the story of her life and note the incidents of loving service and little kindnesses we are made glad with the thought that it was these which made her life beautiful for the great work which was ahead.

What Florence Nightingale did in the Crimea was the type and incentive to thousands of others who in the recent war robbed sickness and suffering of much of the terror following in the wake of the great world war. Even now after the fighting has ceased and the nations are at peace the work of the nurse continues for those who are broken in body and mind as a result of their sacrifice for others.

"Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only shall in nowise lose his reward," said Jesus. There could not well be a simpler act, a smaller service than that. Wherever a child can be helped, wherever a stranger can be guided, or a friend who is shy be set at ease, whenever a weak brother can be saved from falling, wherever an old man's step can be made easy, wherever a servant's position can be dignified in his eyes, wherever a burden can be lifted or a sad heart made lighter by word of encouragement is a chance for someone to serve the Master by helping one of his "little ones."

A little child slipped up to the side of one who was ill and in pain and shyly laid a handful of flowers in her lap, then ran away. It was a little act of kindness by a very little child, but it reached the heart of the sufferer and brought forth a beautiful prayer to the Heavenly Father who said, "Thou shalt in no wise lose thy reward."

The Apostle Paul wrote in his letter to the

Corinthians, "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not love I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." From the simplest to the greatest act it must be born of love or "it profiteth nothing."

We may take for example the love and loving service of the mother in the home, how she sees our needs and supplies them, how she gives a comforting word when we are weary or hurt or discouraged, how she thinks well of us when others do not, and waits upon us in a thousand lovely ways, and all that without a thought of recompense or reward. The world needs every bit of mother love there is in it, but there seems to be not enough to reach around. We need go no farther than our own city to see the great need of those who will give their lives in loving service to others. It is the privilege of the Medical Missionary to extend her influence into the dark and remote corners and minister health to sick bodies and new courage and hope in God to weary souls.

A nurse at the bedside of her patient day after day was able not only to relieve the bodily suffering, but found the comforting promises of God and gave them to the sick one as a healing balm to her soul.

An old lady lived alone in a flat in Chicago, crippled with rheumatism so that it was with difficulty she could get about her own rooms. Two missionary nurses called on her and did what they could to help, gave her a treatment, read a chapter from the Bible, had prayer and left a magazine for her to read. When it was time for her visitors to go the dear old lady said, "Oh, I am so glad you came, I feel so much better now. Do come again soon."

A home with a number of small children, a sick father and a very tired mother was visited. Here the need was food and clothing, and when the nurses brought the things in how the little children gathered around and exclaimed, "Oh, Mother, look! bread just like we had in the hospital!" And how happy they were to see the girls every time they visited that home. The mother was told what foods were best suited to growing children such as hers and taught how to give some simple treatments for colds and disorders of common occurrence in many homes. She was also taught the fundamental principles of hygiene and sanitation and many little things which

would make her burden of household duties lighter.

The jails are also a part of the missionary nurse's special work, and many discouraged and broken-hearted have gotten a new hope and a new determination to live a good life by something said at some service.

Lifting our eyes from the home fields we may catch a glimpse of the mountains of South America where the God-fearing nurse is ministering to the needs of a poor despised and forlorn race. Here the nurse must also be the doctor many times, for no doctors can be found for perhaps fifty or a hundred miles. While giving relief to open sores and broken bones, the God-fearing nurse can speak of the Great Physician and bring the light of life within the reach of these unhappy souls. And everywhere the missionary nurse finds opportunity for service. She may be found assisting in the ushering in of a life into the world, and she will be seen bending lovingly to close the eyes of the soul that has come to the end of life. In every station, in every land, and under all circumstances of life, a sympathetic, true-hearted, faithful nurse is really and truly the hand of the Redeemer.

"If I can live
To make some pale face brighter, and to give
A second lustre to some tear-dimmed eye,
Or e'er impart
One throb of comfort to an aching heart,
Or cheer some wayworn soul in passing by;
If I can lend
A strong hand to the fallen, or defend
The right against a single envious strain;
My life, though bare,
Perhaps of much that seemeth dear and fair
To us of earth, will not have been in vain.

"The purest joy,
Most near to heaven, far from earth's alloy,
Is bidding cloud give way to sun and shine;
And 'twill be well
If on that day of days the angels tell
Of me, She did her best for one of Thine."

"I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat;
I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me." "Verily, I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me," for "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

A PRISONER WANTS TO BE A REGULAR READER

"Allow me the pleasure of introducing myself as one of your readers of *THE LIFE BOAT*. I am at present doing my time in Auburn prison. One day I came across one of your copies of *THE LIFE BOAT*. After reading it, it suddenly came to my mind that I can be saved, and I will do my best to make good. My conscience tells me to do what is right, and this is the reason why I apply to you. Give me a chance to become one of your steady readers while here in prison and also when the gates will open for me to the outside world. I am sorry I am penniless. If you would trust me with the subscription until I get out, when I get some money I will gladly send by special delivery the money for the subscription.

"Please have confidence in me. I am sure I can be trusted."

A WORD OF APPRECIATION

"Every number of *THE LIFE BOAT* is full of interest to me and I am passing them on to others. Many times while reading articles in this, I have wished that I could put the little monthly book into other homes, but I am not able to do very much in this way, but when I saw your liberal offer to send it for eight months for \$40 I thought this was my chance, so am sending you names and addresses of five friends, hoping that *THE LIFE BOAT* may be a blessing to them as it has been to me, and that they may continue to subscribe for it after the eight months expire.

"As I read the different numbers of *THE LIFE BOAT* I get very much interested in the work you are doing among the unfortunate girls and also in the jails, and many times tears of sympathy flow from my eyes."

HE IS COUNTING ON YOU

ROBERT HARE

He is counting on you, my brother, on you;
For the work He has planned, for the service in view!
And if you should fail, O what will He say—
When reckoning comes at close of the day!

He is counting on you, my sister, on you!
In life, love and spirit, He whispers, "Be true!"
And if you should fail, one star will be dim,
That might have flashed out in its glory for Him!

He is counting on you, and the angels will weep
Should you fail in the promise His love waits to keep—
With crown, and sceptre and throne all in view
The God of the stars is counting on you!

A UNIQUE NURSES' INSTITUTE

MARY W. PAULSON, M. D.

For several years we have realized the need of giving to our nurses a special training which would systematize in their mind some of the knowledge they had acquired in their nurse's training and also enable them to present health ideas to the people in various communities.

This year we were able to accomplish this work and there was given at Hinsdale a two

upon the work. As a result, we believe that the majority of the class will be able to go into small communities and present helpful talks on healthful living and home treatment of disease. We believe that a nurse's training should not only include a knowledge of how to care for the sick, but also how to teach the people how to keep well and how to care for simple disorders in their own homes. The necessity for such instruction was recently demonstrated in the flu epidemic. If members



The Institute Class Standing and Instructors Seated in Front

weeks' nurses' institute for the senior class who were about to graduate.

This was held the last two weeks of their course, two hours each day being devoted to it.

The first week was devoted to lecture and demonstration work by the faculty. Such subjects as "Health Principles from the Bible," "Acute Ailments: How to Recognize, Home Treatments For," "Home Sanitarium," "Home Treatment of Acute Infectious Diseases," "Healthful Dietary," "Vegetarianism," "How to Demonstrate Cooking and Foods," "Exercise and Its Relation to Health," and other subjects, were presented.

These questions were given in such a way as to train the student how to present the same subject to an audience. The second week was devoted to the work of the nurses and each member of the class prepared and gave a talk and demonstration on one of the subjects.

The students were deeply interested in the work, and we felt that God's approval was

of the household had been instructed on home treatment of fevers and simple diseases, there is no doubt that such knowledge would have saved many lives in the recent epidemic.

TRY TO SMILE

SAMUEL O. BUCKNER

Should hard luck come your way—

Try to smile;

To worry does not pay—

Try to smile;

The storm clouds of today

May tomorrow pass away—

Try to smile.

If your business should go wrong—

Try to smile;

And "failure" come along—

Try to smile;

Just strike a quicker pace

And you then may win the race—

Try to smile.

When you are feeling blue—

Try to smile;

Should others frown at you—

Try to smile;

It helps to smooth the road

And lightens up the load.

When you smile.

A Visit to a Few of Our Babies

Maud Wilson Cobb

HAVING to make a trip to a little town not far from Hinsdale, I had the privilege of visiting the home of some of our babies. At one home I found our little seven-months-old Dorothy Ruth just as happy and sweet as she could be. Everything that love can do has been done for the baby. She is the center of attraction in the whole neighborhood. While there, her foster father came home with a canvas baby swing for her, a go-cart, and a wicker baby carriage stood near. Her pretty wardrobe of dainty baby clothes showed how much had been done for her benefit. Her own little mother has gone her way. She says, "My arms are empty when night comes, I want my baby. I pray for Jesus to keep her pure and good. It is a satisfaction to know all things work together for good. I would not now belong to a church or know Jesus if baby had not come to me. Now, instead of a free careless girl, I am back to my school work with a keener sense of the responsibilities of life and expect to be faithful until the end. Pray for me that I may be strong."

A visit to another home finds one of our little ones claiming the love of a good family and much is in store for this little one who has brought joy to the childless home.

A picture and letter comes from another one of our foster homes where two foster babies live and the whole letter is about the babies and the joy they brought with them, and the foster mother says, "Oh, the joy my babies' own mothers miss. Their little soft hands and sweet faces make me feel as though the world has nothing sweeter to give. Their mothers have lost what I have gained. My heart aches for them, but if they are faithful, Jesus will give them joy for service to Him, and in that glad day they will know that He loves them. Send baby's picture to her mother, it may console her in her sad days."

Another little six-year-old girl claims our home her birth-place and says, "My mamma found me here and now we want to find a sister too." I wonder if some of our LIFE BOAT friends do not want to find a little sister or brother. They are now waiting for a home.

Stretching out their little hands for love and a home and money; for milk and clothing.

With seven bottles to fill and seven bodies to clothe, it means some work. If our friends will only remember and divide a bit with us, joy will come to those who give in His name and our hearts will respond with thanksgiving.

On Sunday, July 20th, Mother Case and I visited the Woodstock home for children. When we alighted from the auto we found the children, about forty in number, on the front lawn. At once there was a lull in the chatter and then a sweet voiced little girl cried, "Oh, Buddy, there is Mother Cobb! Oh Dottie, look whose here! By this time the three little children whom we placed in the home last fall, were hanging on our arms. First they would kiss Mother Case's hand, who accompanied me, and then run to me. They were so delighted. Dottie said, "Where is Nurse Bengtson and Nurse Youngs? Do they remember us? Tell them to write to us sometime."

While we were going through the home, Buddy who was hanging onto my hand, began to sing "Jesus Loves Me." He sang the whole song through and then began to sing America. Without one break he sang every word of the song, pronouncing every word correctly. Buddy is only four years old. We found their father is neglecting them and in time they will be sent to their grandmother, if her health improves, if not, these little ones will have to be separated and put in homes for adoption, unless some one will take the three of them.

There were six in the little family, but death claimed three of them during the winter and Buddy, Dorothy and Blanch asked if I didn't miss Wilma, Ruth and Hilda. They did and wished they might come back again.

We found the home much improved since last summer when several of our children were very ill during the summer months. Every thing was neat and clean, the children all healthy and happy. I could not help but think as the group of children gathered about us to show their love and appreciation what it will mean in that glad day when Jesus comes and gathers his children home. How many of us will have some little hand reach out to

us and remind us of a kind deed or word or action shown to them. They love Miss Youngs and Miss Bengtson because they bathed and dressed them and treated them with love and kindness. About us today are many hungry little ones, many unclothed and many crying for love. Money can not buy the love these little ones will give willingly, and when we care for them and make them happy we do it for Jesus. Do you know that Jesus said one time, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

WE THANK YOU

"THE LIFE BOAT, well named, built for storms that nothing else will weather, and saving lives that else would be lost!

"We thank God for its ministry of service, among our own sinking souls, and for the 'Grace of God that bringeth salvation.' We gladly launch it among our people, confident that the Redeemer of man will bring them home. JOS. WELCH, Moral Instructor, of Eastern State Penitentiary, Philadelphia, Pa.

"THE LIFE BOAT was judiciously distributed through our Prison Library, to deserving but unfortunate men.

"The good your work is doing is incaluable, and in helping the inmates you are helping me in my work with the prison family, towards a better and higher life.

"Expressing my gratitude to you for your interest in the prisoners, I am

Appreciatingly yours,

CHARLES H. ELDER, Chaplain,
New Jersey State Prison,
Trenton, N. J.

"I have had 100 copies of your LIFE BOAT magazine which I have found very interesting. I feel that it will be of great help here. All the men seemed glad to get them while two of them handed them out last night in our services.

"I had a rising vote of thanks to you for your help, and at any time you feel like helping me or the men here, it will be appreciated.

"Thank you, and may God's blessings ever be with you.

WARREN GOUGE, Librarian of
Prison Relief Society, Box 73,
Petros, Tenn.

ENJOYED READING IT

(From a Wethersfield, Conn., Prisoner)

"Your letter of the 11th of May received, also the enclosed literature. I wish to thank you for your kindness in taking an interest in my spiritual development and I appreciate your letter so much, which I find so full of good advice and encouragement. Yes, I am trying every day of my life to become better in heart and mind, though it is no easy problem to be worked out when you think all is well and all is not. Life is so full of disappointments at its best. And yet, I know that true faith is a mighty power.

"I enjoyed reading the May LIFE BOAT, and am sure some of the other boys did likewise."

SERVICE

Robert Hare

Make your first covenant with God,
Let His will stand supreme;
Renew your pledge of confidence
And in His strength redeem
Each promise, while salvation holds
Thy life in loved esteem!

Then, keep your covenant with God.
Begin each day with Him;
His strength alone can bear you on
O'er steepes; through shadings dim,
To where angelic choirs raise
The victor's triumph—hymn!

Walk through each day with God.
His power is all complete
And He can fit for every task
That comes in service sweet.
Until the toiler rests at last,
In glory by His feet!

Close up the day with God.
While darkness shuts you in
"He giveth His beloved sleep,"
And rest from every sin,
He holds aloft the victor's crown;
He bids you strive to win!

"The work of character-building begins with the turning of the soul to God; but it lasts the whole lifetime."

Through sincere prayer we are brought into connection with the mind of the Infinite. We may have no remarkable evidence at the time that the face of our Redeemer is bending over us in compassion and love; but this is even so. We may not feel His visible touch, but His hand is upon us in love and pitying tenderness.—E. G. W.



EDITORIAL

EDITORS:

Mary W. Paulson, M. D., Percy T. Magan, M. D.,
D. H. Kress, M. D., Caroline Louise Clough

TO OUR MOTHER

Have you lost your mother, the dearest friend on earth? The mother that nursed you through infancy, that guided your wandering steps through childhood and youth, that has kept your feet in the right path, has loved you and worked for you all through your life? Standing back among the shadows, yet toiling and sacrificing that you may advance? Finding her greatest comfort in seeing her children advance, and never thinking of self? Such was our mother. Just such mothers have given to the world the greatest gifts in all history—the mighty force for righteousness in the lives of godly sons and daughters.

If you are so fortunate as to have such a mother, thank the Lord, and ask Him to help you never to disappoint her.

Our mother has gone from us. We laid her to rest on the seventeenth of June to await the coming of the Life-giver. And we turn for comfort to the precious word of God. The Psalmist says, "When my heart is overwhelmed; lead me to the rock that is higher than I. For thou hast been a shelter for me." Ps. 61:2, 3.

"But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." I Thess. 4:13, 14.

M. W. P. and C. L. C.

THE PEACE QUESTION

A splendid editorial appeared in the *Chicago Tribune* of June 24, in which the editor gives his opinion of the much-talked-of treaty of peace which is supposed to usher in the era of peace between all the nations of the world. But the editor says:

"Neither the terms imposed upon Germany nor the covenant of a league of nations in-

sure the conditions of that durable peace of which we talked so glibly a few months ago.

"In Italy, in the Balkans, among the former members of the Austrian and Russian empires, in the near east, in the far east, there is every form of unrest from street rioting to organized international war on a large scale or social revolution.

"The world is in violent flux. Peoples are fighting peoples, classes are fighting classes. There is not a stable foot of political ground in the old world. There are smoke and flame on every horizon. Brands enough to alarm have been blown to our shores.

"Let us look at this truth without fear, yet also without self-deceit. Let us not pretend that the peace signed in form of the treaty of Versailles is a peace in truth or anything other than a partial respite. In its terms, we cannot deny, are the sources of new wars, of wars going on this moment, and of wars for which preparation will begin before the ink in the last signature is dry.

"Economic rivalries, national ambitions, racial distrust and dislike, religious differences, will continue to ferment powerfully as they are doing now in spite of the terrible lessons of experience which the European races have had under the iron ferrule of war. There are many things these people would rather win than peace. The peace conference has not been able to abate these desires. Why should we hope the proposed league of nations, which will be for some time only the big four or five of the peace conference, will be able to control them?

"There is observed no expectation of peace among the statesmen at Paris. The British are planning for an army of nearly 1,000,000 in place of the 250,000 before the war. The French and Italians are not talking of disarmament. Germany and Austria are to give up their large, ready-for-war establishments, but the whole population is strained. Russia is

full of armed forces. Poland has a highly disciplined army. So have Bohemia and Jugoslavia. Japan announces that the probability of the league of nations being able to keep the peace is not so great as to justify her in reducing her armed forces.

"If American policy is governed by an intelligent recognition of world conditions and a prudent regard for American welfare and safety, it will follow the example of other nations and, while doing all that is reasonable for the advancement of world peace, will place our own country in such a position as shall make certain that its rights are respected and its interest conserved."

We call to mind a passage of Scripture which speaks of a time when the people shall cry "Peace, peace; when there is no peace." Jer. 6:14. Isaiah speaks of a time when the people will say, "Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." But the Lord has spoken otherwise. He says: "Proclaim ye this among the Gentiles: Prepare war, wake up the mighty men, let all the men of war draw near; let them come up: Beat your plowshares into swords, and your pruninghooks into spears: let the weak say, I am strong." Joel 3:9, 10.

And Christ, in speaking of the last days, says: "And ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars: see that ye be not troubled: for all these things must come to pass, but the end is not yet. For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom: and there shall be famines, and pestilences, and earthquakes in divers places. And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come." Matt. 24:6, 7, 14. C. L. C.

THE FAITH OF A LITTLE CHILD

We quote the following from the *Pacific Union Recorder*:

"A lad asked at prayer-meeting that those present would pray for his older sister that she might be led to read the Bible and pray. His request was complied with, and immediately after the company arose from their knees the boy left the place and hastened home. Afterwards the leader met him and asked him if he was not rather rude to go out as he did. He replied with some feeling that he did not mean to be rude, but he wanted very much to run home and see how his sister would look reading the Bible for the first time in her life. This illustrates the faith of all who pray aright; they expect results and they see them. The lad was not disappointed, for when he reached home he found his sister reading her Bible, a thing she had never done before."

The Master tells us that "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." Matt. 18:3. C. L. C.

RETURN TO THE WELL

When a tree is parched and the leaves begin to wither and fall it is useless to tie a net about the tree to keep the leaves on; what it needs is water at the roots of the tree to revive it.

So when a Christian worker begins to go wrong, when his righteousness is dropping off like the leaves of the tree, it is useless to say "Don't do this," or "Don't do that" to make him *appear* to be alive. What he needs is to return to the well of life and drink of the fountain of salvation. C. L. C.

IF YOU HAVE MONEY TO LOAN, READ THIS

The Hinsdale Sanitarium has had the largest patronage for the past year in its history. For many months it has been possible to accommodate only a small percentage of those who have wished to come here for care and treatment, therefore we have decided to build a fifty-room addition this summer.

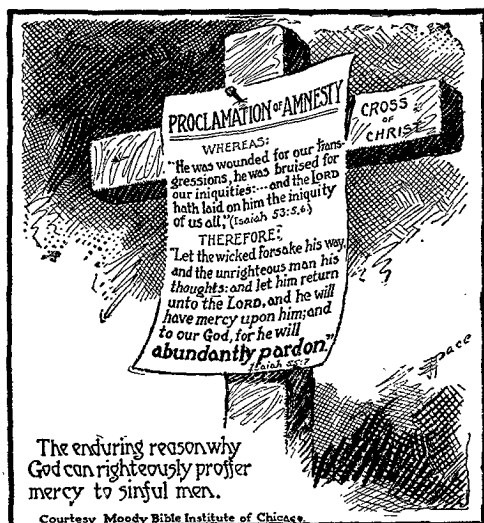
This will make it necessary for us to borrow a few thousand dollars. We will give the note of the Sanitarium, signed by the president and the secretary, bearing interest at six per cent, payable semi-annually and running for whatever length of time may be desired—one, two, three or more years.

We will give as additional security Sanitarium Bonds, if desired.

Anyone having money to loan us or who may wish further particulars, address The Hinsdale Sanitarium, Hinsdale, Ill.

WORKERS WANTED

Workers are wanted to take up THE LIFE BOAT work in your community. Our agents are doing a splendid work and are meeting with success, but the greatest success of all is the opportunity which this work affords to point souls to Christ. A business man was heard to remark, in speaking of a LIFE BOAT worker who has recently passed away: "That woman was the first and the only person who ever spoke to me about my soul." Is it not worth while? Write for terms. C. L. C.



Can You Resist This Appeal?

NEWS HERE AND THERE

Mrs. Thos. W. Plummer of Yates Center, Kans., is a guest at the Sanitarium.

Mr. Fred Green of Berrien Springs, Mich., was at Hinsdale on business, recently.

Mrs. L. J. Edwards of Berrien Springs, Mich., is visiting Mrs. Gertrude Taylor at the Sanitarium.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Weaver of Bethel, Wis., visited relatives and friends at the Sanitarium recently.

Miss Edith McClellan, one of the Sanitarium stenographers, has just returned from a month's vacation, spent with friends in Michigan.

Dr. H. C. Nelson, of the Sanitarium staff, is spending a few weeks at the Mayo's Hospital, Rochester, Minn.

Miss Mildred Russell, of the second year nurses' class, who has been recuperating at her home in Michigan from a surgical operation, has now returned to continue her course of training.

Prof. J. G. Lamson was called to Knoxville, Tenn., a few days ago because of the illness of his brother-in-law, Arthur Bayley.

Miss Eunice Mallernee, a member of the class of nurses of 1919, was united in marriage on July 23 to Mr. Bernard Thompson. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson will connect with the Fox River Academy this year.

Prof. C. A. Russell called between trains recently to visit his daughter, Mildred.

Mrs. Pool, wife of Pastor N. H. Pool of Saginaw, Mich., is at the Sanitarium for treatment.

Geo. S. Fisher, general business manager of the Sydney Sanitarium, Australia, is visiting Hinsdale for a few days.

Miss Gladys Jeffers, one of our senior nurses, left Tuesday, July 22, for a vacation at Cassville, Wis., visiting friends.

Miss Nellie Jeffers, one of our graduate nurses, is spending a few weeks in Denver, Colo., visiting relatives and friends.

Dr. Mary Paulson and Mrs. C. L. Clough spent a few days visiting friends in Wilmette, Ill., after having laid to rest their mother, Mrs. W. H. Wild, who died at the home of Mrs. Clough, on July 15.

"The devil can build a wall around you, but he can't roof you in."

THREE BEAUTIFUL SACRED SONGS

With Music for the Piano, "The Mountain Flower," "The Wonderful River" and "His Loving Voice." Standard sheet music size, ordinary voice, all three for 50c, postpaid. Order from

OTTO LUNDELL,
725 Unity Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

BOOKS WE RECOMMEND

If this magazine has interested you, we would refer you to the following books and magazines for further study. They can be procured from our office or ordered direct from the publishers:

The Marked Bible is a new booklet by the late Prof. C. L. Taylor. It brings out Bible truths in story form, being an actual account of a missionary's experience on shipboard. The book is having a remarkable sale. Price, 15c per copy.

Soul-Winning—G. B. Thompson. A splendid book to encourage professed Christians in personal soul-winning work. 192 pages, 75c.

Steps to Christ—Mrs. E. G. White. A splendid book for the unconverted and the seeker after God, and a constant guide to the Christian. Published in several bindings from 25c paper or khaki cover to a \$1.00 gift book.

Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing. An application of the principles of Christ's sermon on the mount. A real gem of truth. 218 pages, 85c.

Ministry of Healing. One of the most remarkable books ever written on the subject of health and healing, with instruction for the upbuilding of the Christian home. We have a few copies of this splendid book on hand which we will furnish at \$1.50 each.

The Signs of the Times is a weekly periodical which deals with Bible truth and its relation to the times in which we live. \$1.50 per year. Published at Mountain View, Cal.

The Watchman Magazine. A live up-to-date, illustrated monthly magazine dealing with world-wide current topics from the Scriptural standpoint. \$1.50 per year. Address, Nashville, Tenn.

The Life Boat

An Illustrated Monthly Journal Devoted to
Charitable, Philanthropic, Health and
Soul-Winning Work

Entered as second-class matter July 17, 1905, at the P. O. at Hinsdale, Ill., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized April 11, 1919.

Mary W. Paulson, M. D.....	} Editorial Staff
Percy T. Magan, M. D.....	
D. H. Kress, M. D.....	
Caroline Louise Clough.....	
N. W. Paulson	Business Manager

The Life Boat is published at Hinsdale, Ill., by the Workingmen's Home and Life Boat Mission, Incorporated.

Checks, drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Life Boat, Hinsdale, Ill.

Do not send currency in your letters, as The Life Boat will not be responsible for receipt of the same.

Single copies, 10 cents.

Yearly subscriptions, \$1.00.

Special discounts when a number are sent to one address.

Expirations

The date on the wrapper indicates when your subscription expires. We do not continue any names on our list after the expiration of the subscription, so please renew your subscription promptly.

Change of Address

When writing to have the address of the Life Boat changed, be sure to give the old address as well as the new one.

Mistakes

The publishers of The Life Boat will be pleased to have their attention called to any mistakes that may occur, and will be glad to correct them.

Premiums

The attention of our readers is invited to our valuable premium offers. We are constantly in receipt of most appreciative letters from those who have taken advantage of these liberal offers.

Rates for Advertising

Full page, single issue, \$20; three month, \$50.
Half page, \$12; three months, \$30.
One inch, column width, one insertion, \$1.00.

The Life Boat Magazine Agencies in Chicago

The Life Boat magazine can be secured in quantities at wholesale rates from the following agencies in the city of Chicago:

D. K. Abrams, wholesale nut store, 3529 Cottage Grove Avenue. Phone Douglas 6743.
Chicago Book & Tract Society, 812 Steger Bldg., 28 East Jackson Blvd.

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If you want the very best grade of cooking oil (or salad oil) be sure to get **GOLD MEDAL VEGETABLE COOKING OIL**, sold at wholesale prices to all. We ship all over the United States. Very low rates.

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Let Me Do Your Developing and Printing

Many years' experience has taught me how to turn out first-class prints with "a finish" to them.

Send me your films and be sure of the best results.

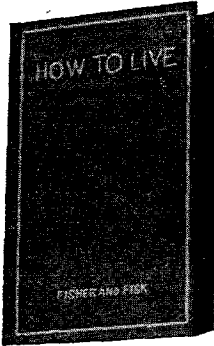
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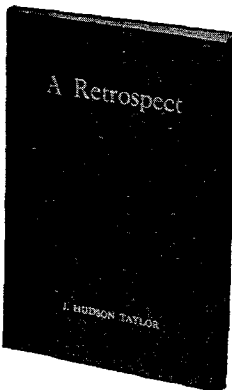
"How to Live, or Rules for Healthful Living, Based on Modern Science"



By Irving Fisher, Professor of Political Economy, Yale University, and Dr. Eugene L. Fisk. Hon. William Howard Taft, formerly President of the United States, has written the foreword and in fact has edited the entire work. We quote the following from the Preface: "A sad commentary on the low health ideals which now exist is that to most people the expression 'to keep well' means no more than to keep out of a sick bed." This book has a splendid chapter on air, another one on food, another one on poisons, such as those due to constipation and those due to infected teeth, etc. A chapter on exercise, one on hygiene; a chapter containing the last word on alcohol and on tobacco, and how to avoid colds; signs of the increase of degenerate diseases, etc. By special arrangement with the publishers we are enabled to offer this book as a premium for two new subscriptions and 25 cents additional. Induce some one to subscribe for The Life Boat the coming year and receive this most excellent book.

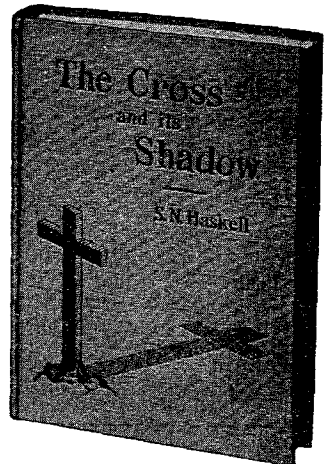
The Cross and Its Shadow

A new book by S. N. Haskell. This book presents the whole Old Testament sanctuary service in a new and living setting. The sacrifice of Christ for us is beautifully portrayed on every page. This book is a marvelous inspiration to a holy life and should be in every home. It contains 388 pages, 50 chapters and 218 illustrations, and will be given absolutely free for only two subscriptions to The Life Boat and 25c extra for mailing. Take advantage of this offer while it lasts.



A Retrospect

This book by J. Hudson Taylor is one of the most thrilling and inspiring books on the market today. We have sold nearly 4,000 of them. Should be read by every young person who desires to be of some use in the world. This red, paper-covered edition can be furnished with one subscription to The Life Boat at \$1.10.



Pastor Hsi

This charming book, "Pastor Hsi," by Mrs. Howard Taylor, daughter-in-law of the late J. Hudson Taylor, founder of the China Inland Mission, has found such a warm reception by The Life Boat readers everywhere that we are offering it again this year. The author gives in a most fascinating manner the remarkable story of the life work of Pastor Hsi, the man who, after his wonderful conversion from heathenism, founded more than forty medical missionary centers in the province of Shan-Si. His remarkable faith and power in prayer has brought his work to the attention of the entire Christian world today. This book is an inspiration, and you can have it by sending us one dollar for your subscription to The Life Boat for one year.



The Vegetarian Cook Book

should be in every Life Boat reader's home. It is a splendid compilation of valuable recipes for a sane and sensible dietary. If you want to learn how to cook "for health and not for drunkenness" send us \$1.50 for The Life Boat for one year and this useful book. This is an unusual offer.



Real Prayer

By Courtland Meyers. A most inspiring book on prayer. It will make you hungry for a personal experience in the power of prayer. This book will be sent you for only one subscription and twenty-five cents extra. Send us \$1.25 and receive The Life Boat for one whole year and this splendid book.

A New Webster's Pocket Dictionary

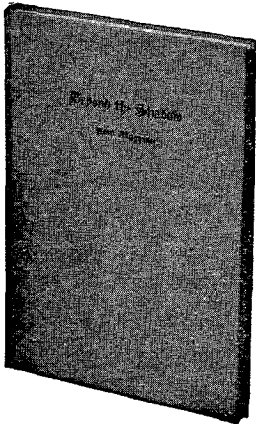
for only one subscription or renewal at one dollar. This book is really five books in one. It is not only a dictionary but a complete parliamentary manual, a rapid calculator, a compendium in business and social forms, a letter writer and literary guide, and a pronouncing and statistical gazetteer of the world. Everyone should possess a copy of this handy booklet; bound in morocco and stamped in gold.



A Fountain Pen



for only one yearly subscription at one dollar and fifty cents extra. Every pen is guaranteed 14-carat solid gold and will do good service. This is your opportunity to receive a good fountain pen for fifty cents and only a few moments of your time in securing the subscription.



Beyond the Shadow

Pearl Waggoner Howard, The Life Boat poet, has collected some of her best poems and published them in book form. The book contains ninety-six pages. We will send the cloth binding free with two subscriptions to The Life Boat at one dollar each or a paper-covered copy for only one subscription. Subscribe now —before you forget it.

Beautiful Gold or Silver Watch

free with twelve yearly subscriptions and three dollars extra. This is a seven-jeweled watch, gold-filled, with a ten-year guaranteed case and beautiful design. We have placed hundreds of these watches where they are giving the best of satisfaction. You will be pleased with this watch. Send us twelve yearly subscriptions at one dollar each and three dollars extra and receive this watch.



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A SHIELD TO HEALTH

The PATRICIA GARMENT is a PERFECT SUBSTITUTE FOR THE CORSET and a great improvement in other respects, as it permits natural circulation, perfect respiration and freedom for every muscle, with no bands or strings. There is no opportunity for girding the soft parts of the body, as it follows the natural curves, preserving the contour of the figure.

We are now able to furnish the Patricia health garment in stock sizes from 32 to 42 bust measure, made from the very best of materials and carefully shrunken before making. Price \$4.00. Write for further particulars and description of garment.

"Once in possession means never without it."

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"A splendid step in advance over corset wearing."

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"I received the PATRICIA and think it is just the garment for health."

"I wish I might have the pen of a ready writer to express my appreciation of the PATRICIA garment. I simply will never be without it. It is absolutely all I could wish in every way.

"For comfort, style, saving of time in dressing, saving in laundry—in fact I have never enjoyed any garment that has brought me so much pleasure. Once in possession means never without it."

"I have worn this garment now for five years and find it eminently satisfactory. I consider it superior in many respects to any other garment of its kind which I have worn and can heartily recommend it to other women."

Address **THE PATRICIA GARMENT CO., Hinsdale, Ill.**

Liquid Paraffin

Stagnation of the bowels is the most common disorder among civilized nations and is perhaps by far the most common cause of our various chronic diseases. These diseases are not readily cured for the simple reason that the real cause is not removed. The laxative drug habit is the most common drug habit among mankind. Every remedy of this kind sooner or later loses its effect and, unfortunately, in every instance does the system more or less harm. Bulky food, plenty of green garden truck, and an abundance of fruit will relieve many of these cases. But some cases have such a tendency to hyperacidity and to intestinal irritation that the liberal use of these things actually seems to aggravate the condition.

Liquid Paraffin, or what we called White Russian Mineral Oil when we imported it from Russia before the war, seems to be a veritable godsend to thousands of these cases. Being a mineral oil it is not absorbed by the body. It merely lubricates and softens the bowel contents. It can be used with perfect safety as it does not create any laxative habit. The dose is from one teaspoonful to two tablespoonfuls three or four times a day as may be necessary. It can be procured in any town, but by buying it in large quantities we are able to furnish it to our readers at about one-half the prevailing retail price.

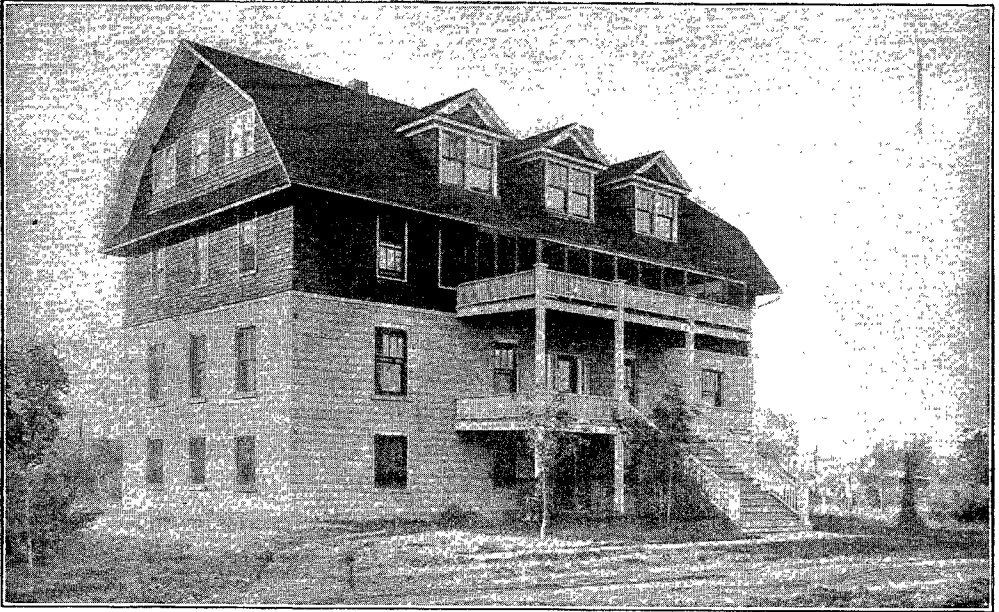
Prices

1 Pint	\$0.45	Shipping weight.....	2 lbs.
1 Quart75	Shipping weight.....	4 lbs.
2 Quarts	1.25	Shipping weight.....	6 lbs.
1 Gallon	2.00	Shipping weight.....	10 lbs.

It is put up in tin cans so that it can be sent by parcel post. These rates do not include transportation charges.

Address **THE LIFE BOAT, Hinsdale, Ill.**

THE LIFE BOAT RESCUE HOME, HINSDALE, ILLINOIS



Physicians, pastors and other workers are constantly perplexed as to how to properly extend a helping hand to the unfortunate girl. To meet this pressing need the charitable public assisted in erecting this splendid eleven thousand dollar institution and it was dedicated July 25, 1909, Judge Orrin N. Carter of the Illinois Supreme Court giving the principal address. During the past eight years hundreds of girls have been sheltered in this Home. They have been carried through the saddest chapter of their lives. More than half the girls who come do not have a dollar, but they are received just the same.

The institution has no endowment and beyond the mere pittance that some of the girls are able to pay, it is entirely dependent upon the generosity of those who become interested in its work.

Are You Contemplating Making Your Will?

Have you some means to be used in the Master's work after you are dead and gone? Have you observed how frequently relatives or unscrupulous lawyers have succeeded in absolutely defeating the will and intentions of the donor? There is a better way:

Why Not Be Your Own Executor?

Give your property while you are alive, to the work that you desire and receive a fixed income or annuity on the same each year as long as you live. In this way you know that **you** property will not be frittered away from you so that you will have no support in your old **age**, and this annuity contract becomes immediately effective at your death. No one can change **it** in any manner.

In either case will you not generously remember the Life Boat Rescue Home?

If you are interested in this matter write us and we will give you further suggestions and information regarding this annuity plan that so many sensible people are adopting.

For those who desire to remember this institution in their wills we give herewith a proper legal form for a bequest.

"I hereby give, devise and bequeath unto the Life Boat Rescue Home, a corporation organized and existing under the State of Illinois, the sum of.....

.....dollars to be paid out of real or personal estate owned by me at my decease, this money to be used for the maintenance of the institution known as the Life Boat Rescue Home for Girls, located near Hinsdale, Ill., and which is under the supervision of the aforesaid corporation."

Address: **The Life Boat Rescue Home**

Hinsdale, Illinois

VISIT HINSDALE FIRST



The Main Building

A suburb of Chicago—trains every few minutes—fifty trains a day.

Sixteen acres of virgin forests, fruit orchard, cottages, lawns, shady walks, lawn tennis court.

A work cure department.

Musical entertainments and lectures.

No experiments or medical fads. Common-sense, honest treatment.

Electric light, private telephones in each room, a beautiful outlook from every window.



The Main Parlor

Let Us Send You Our Booklet "Visit Hinsdale First"

It is completely descriptive and beautifully illustrated. Once you read this book and note the location, the charm of Hinsdale and the ability of this institution to benefit the sick, you will realize that we offer you every possible means of restoring your health and of becoming completely rested, among surroundings that are ideal. Write for booklet today. It is free. Address

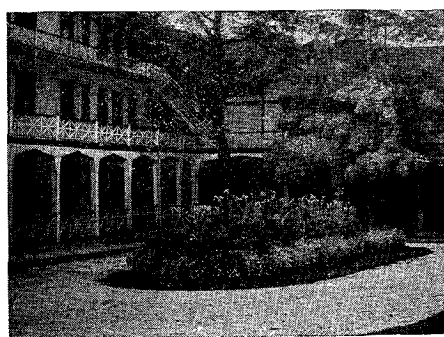
The Hinsdale Sanitarium

Phone
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Hinsdale, Ill.

Endowed by Nature Equipped by Science

Do not go abroad for what you have at home. Were it possible for you to see Hinsdale as it is, you would come. So pleasant as to attract many guests who have no ailment. Patients are kept so busy getting well that they have practically no time to worry over their troubles. Pleasant, refined associates. Rates as low as ordinary hotel. Atmosphere delightfully different.



The Driveway

Open air treatment, Swedish movements, hydrotherapy, electric light baths and electrical treatments, massage, scientific dietetics, sun baths, the work cure, and sensible health culture, cure thousands of invalids when ordinary means fail.

You will find any of these treatments not only beneficial but delightful and refreshing. We do not countenance routine of baths, the heroic reducing idea nor the starvation cure. Every case is decided on its own merits and treated accordingly. We rely on substantial, simple methods, offer all these features to be rationally enjoyed.



A Glimpse of the Lawn